

ECLOGUES

Translated from the *Latin* of

HUGO GROTIUS,

BAPTISTA AMALTHEUS,

DANIEL HEINSIUS,

AND

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

————— *Apis Matinæ*
More Modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma, per laborem
Plurimum. —————

HOR.

L O N D O N,

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE



LORD CARLISLE

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND

My Lord,

THE Select Translations which
I presume to shelter under
your Lordship's Patronage,
are done from the best Ori-
ginals of the Poetical kind, I have
met with, which have not been alie-
dy made English. All their Authors
were Great Men, and I am mistaken
if these particular Pieces have not as
much Merit, as any other small Poems
of their composing.

I am



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lord CARTERET,
Lord Lieutenant of *IRELAND*.

My LORD,



HE Select Translations, which I presume to shelter under your Lordship's Patronage, are done from the best Originals of the Pastoral kind, I have met with, which have not been already made *English*. All their Authors were Great Men; and I am mistaken if these particular Pieces have not as much Merit, as any other small Poems of their composing.

I am

DEDICATION.

I am not so vain as to imagine, that my Translation is, in every respect, equal to the Original, but I may plead the Merit of having done my utmost : I entered on the Work at a Time, when it was out of my Power to employ myself otherwise : And, from the Moment I had finished it, I was determined to consecrate it to Your Lordship's Name. Whatever Misfortunes I suffer in Life, I am sure I shall never allow myself to sacrifice to meer Title, or Place : Nothing less than a thorough Knowledge of Books, a refined Taste, and a generous Disposition of Mind, can make a proper *Mecænas* ; and 'tis only One of so great Accomplishments, and such good Qualities, who can at once give a Sanction to a Work, and a Protection to its Author.

Flattery, my LORD, is not my Talent : If I were Master of it, I might, probably, make a better Figure in the World ; but Your Lordship is above it, and to attempt Your
Panc-

DEDICATION.

Panegyrick, in a fashionable Representation of You to Yourself, would be as ungrateful to Your Spirit, as it is contrary to mine: I shall only take Liberty to declare to the World, That it is with Pleasure, I throw myself and Muse at Your Lordship's Feet. And there is nothing that would so sensibly mortify me, as to be denied the Honour, I have so long courted, of being considered, as

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Devoted,

most Obedient, and

most Humble Servant,

JOHN ROOKE.

1000



ECLOGUE I.
MYRTILUS.

Written in Latin by HUGO GROTIUS.
To DANIEL HEINSIUS.



O more of *Woods*, of *Mountains*, or of
Of *Dryads*, or of *Fauns*, delightful
The *Belgick* Lyre, with better Grace,
The stormy Surges, and the sandy Shores.

Now, nor can Fields, nor flow'ry Lawns invite,
Nor *Haga's* rare encircling Groves delight,
Nor aught a Tribute from the Muse command,
Like Grotts, and Caverns, and a desert Strand,

Themes yet unsung. O HEINSIUS ! Bard divine,
 Thine be the Province, and the Labour thine.
 Thou darling Fav'rite of recording Fame,
 Could my rude Numbers thy Deserts proclaim,
 Thee *Lybia's* Wastes, and *Java's* Isles should sing,
 With HEINSIUS' Name should *Indian* Valleys ring :
 Beyond the burning Zone thy Praises fly
 To Stars ne'er rising in a Northern Sky ;
 Whilst diff'rent Realms thy lasting Works peruse,
 Worthy the mighty *Sophoclean* Muse.

Say, beauteous *Nereids*, Sov'reigns of the Seas,
 What Words, what Vows, your MYRTILUS could
 When for fair COCHLIS, fierce, his Passion burn'd, }
 Say, what aerial Cliffs, in Consort, mourn'd ? }
 What echoing Rocks his piteous 'Plaint return'd ? }

Long,

Long, had the Bark on raging Billows tofs'd,
When late she landed on the loanly Coast,
Where a delightful Isle the Sea divides,
Known for the Cave where COCHLIS still resides.
O TYPHIS, guide our Sails, if Seas should rise,
Should Eastern Storms, by Night, disturb the Skies,
Cables in vain their uselefs Aid would lend,
In vain would Anchors in the Deep descend :
Steer to the Shores, if Southern Storms preside,
But shun the Shallows, and the sweeping Tide ;
Shelves, low conceal'd, within the Passage lie ;
Bear from the Right, the Left securely try.

What Views, my COCHLIS, can your Eyes detain?
Search you, as heretofore, the liquid Main ?

Still do like Passions in your Bosom burn ?
 Still will you, from your Heights, my Absence
 And with kind Wishes blest my late Return ?

What God, alas ! my COCHLIS has betray'd ?
 Does some new Flame your tender Breast invade ?
 Speak Truth, my Mates, on me your Censures
 Am I so chang'd from what I lately was,
 When DORCAS, brightest of *Iberia's* Dames,
 Own'd all the Praises which my Beauty claims ?
 Thou'rt Fair, she said, if I a Judge may be,
 And ev'n AMICLAS' self might yield to Thee.
 But still her Words were lost, till late I stood
 Near the smooth Surface of a Crystal Flood,
 Where manly Cheeks, and rising Front appear'd,
 My rosy Tresses, and my azure Beard :
 Such NEREUS boasts, and such are NEPTUNE'S
 Witness old CROTALE ; for thrice she cry'd,

O MYRTILUS, regardless Youth, beware,
Let no deluding Tongue thy Heart insnare.

I sing the Strains which once ARION sung,
When on his Lyre the list'ning *Sea-Gods* hung,
When, all around, the Choir of Dolphins play'd,
And safe their Charmer thro' the Seas convey'd.
BOREAS, and fair ERYCTHYS suit my Lays,
Or PHORCAS' Loves, or AMPHITRITE's Praise.
Even TRITON's self, with Envy seems to swell,
And rends the Billows with his rival Shell.
PROTEUS, and GLAUCUS, seize the sprightly Sound,
With PANOPE, and all the Sisters round,
The Nymphs are pleas'd; but you, alas! complain,
And both my Passion, and my Pipe disdain:
You scorn my Suit, despise my swarthy Face,
And still, regardless, shun my Sea-embrace.

Whom

Whom does my Love, relentless, thus refrain?
 Great Gods, and ancient Kings, have plow'd the
 First, mighty JASON gain'd the golden Prize,
 [Main ;
 And fix'd his Bark, triumphant, in the Skies !
 Tho' tofs'd, and Shipwreck'd, for ULYSSES' Love }
 CIRCE, SOL's Daughter, and CALYPSO strove, }
 And fair NAUSICAE did her Flames approve. }
 But should my Nymph her fighting Swain forego,
 What would it aid a hapless Wretch to know,
 How first NAUSICAE her Amours pursu'd ?
 Or how fair CIRCE, or CALYPSO woo'd ?

Oft may my cruel COCHLIS call to mind,
 Her weary Journies o'er the Waste design'd,
 When to the sandy Beach she took her Way,
 To gather Shells, the Treasures of the Sea ;

Then,

Then, with thy Sire, along the Shores I steer'd,
When scarce the Down upon my Chin appear'd;
Oft too, when late, returning Home to sleep,
Bedew'd, and dropping from the briny Deep,
You dry'd my Limbs, nor were you then to blame,
In Antient Times young HERO did the same,
Whose Tow'r I view'd on *Sestos* lofty Brow,
And gather'd Oysters from the Rocks below.

Lo ! I my choicest Gifts present to thee,
Cups from the Fruit of *India's* spreading Tree,
Which *Arabs* use ; and Wares from *China* brought,
Gain'd at a Distance, and with Danger fought.
And had not fair LEUCOTHOE heard my Pray'r,
And wing'd her Passage through the liquid Air,
Unhappy I, had then my Life resign'd,
And in the *Stygian* Lake for ever lain confin'd.

Accept

Accept this Paint, in *Belgick* Vessels sent,
This the low Borders of the *Rhine* present;
With this, *Batavians* (who the best can plow
The rugged Waves, with an all-daring Prow,
And from the Skies the Course of Winds attain;
A *Martial* Realm, defended by the Main)
Brighten their Hair, each Week, with decent Pride;
This to the fair *ERYNNA* I deny'd ;
Who claim'd the great *BARCEMON* as her Sire, }
Yet many Things, full oft, would she require, }
By *THETIS*' Charms, and *GALATEA*'s Fire ; }
Would at long Stories of my Toils rejoice,
With leering Eyes, and with a tempting Voice ;
And yet the Gifts I hardly could detain,
For, know, she's soft and yielding, as the Main ;
But you're unmov'd. Into this rosy Wreath
I the sad Sorrows of my Soul will breathe :

From

From the Red-Sea, I store of Shoots convey,
And joyn the Myrtle with the blooming Bay ;
But all in vain, you mind my Gifts no more,
Than Rocks rough Billows, or the Sea the Shore.

Attend, my Fair, your lonely Caverns leave,
That while fresh Wreaths of Virgin Oak shall cleave
Around our Brows, we may due Altars rear
To Gods, whose Seas our stately Vessels bear :
And to PORTUNUS annual Vows renew,
Grateful to TETHYS, and the wat'ry Crew,
May the great Ruler of the Waves appease,
And NEREUS, Parent of the Sea-Nymphs, please.
Attend my COCHLIS, and in Cells below,
Whence racy Streams of rich *Falernian* flow,
Draw out new Wines, repeat some melting Strain,
And freely banquet on a Heifer slain.

Down from this Precipice, I mean to fly,
 And in relentless Waves, distracted, die;
 Fam'd by my Fall, these rugged Rocks shall live,
 And to these Seas my wretched Name I give.

Am I deceiv'd? sure, Me, my COCHLIS eyes,
 And every Wind close in its Cavern lies,
 Nor scarce a flattering Billow seems to rise.

Here, prostrate, will I sing; the Scene invites,
 Beneath those hoary Cliffs projecting Heights,
 Those shady Rocks restrain the Mid-day Heat,
 And screen the Swains, who from their Toils
 [retreat.

O COCHLIS, how canst thou thy Days consume,
 Deep in the vaulted Cave's affrighting Gloom?
 Why in those Cells thy blooming Youth bestow,
 When thy old *Mother*, in the Plains below,

Does still, with Diligence, the Loom attend?
 Rather, by far, our stately Ship ascend;
 There, glassy Waves a pleasing Prospect yield;
 There, are the Marbles of the Gods conceal'd;
 In Crystal, there, the Sun transparent lies,
 And azure Seas reflect the starry Skies:
 All Nature's sacred Laws are there descry'd;
 Pale CYNTHIA there, directs the swelling Tide;
 The trembling Needle there, points out the Pole;
 There, to strange Shores, the floating Castles roul:
 No wonder each to each due Passion shows,
 And my fair COCHLIS her Adorer knows.

There, a false Isle, the mighty *Whale* appears;
 There, his arch'd Crest the scaly *Dolphin* rears;
 There, the huge *Grampus* spouts the Streams on
 There, fundry Shoals of monstrous *Sea-calves* ^{[high;} lie;

The

The *Sword-fish* there, in eager quest of Prey,
Boldly pursues the flying Ships at Sea.

Thence VENUS, with her little CUPID, rose,
Now in her Shell, o'er parent Seas, she goes ;
The Nymph CYMODOCE, with Bosom bare,
There tastes the Breezes of the vernal Air.

Nor do the Waves eternal Wars engage,
Nor still the Sea's resistless Fury rage ;
No sweeping Winds, from dusky Dungeons sent,
Still vex, with Wrecks, the Wat'ry Element :
Unmov'd, sometimes, the Seas securely sleep,
And, in the Spring, their *Halcyon* Seasons keep :
When *North* and *Eastern* Blasts the God detains,
And *Southern* Storms, and Snows, and sudden
Alone kind *Zephyrs* breathe their wanton Loves, ^{[Rains ;}
Soft, and serene, as once in *Ida's* Groves.

Long

Long leisure Time to lab'ring Youths remains,
 O'er the smooth Seas when a dead Stillness reigns;
 When, down their Masts, the loos'ned Sails de-
 Or, furl'd aloft, when easy Calms attend; ^{[scend,}
 Or when the Ship her pond'rous Anchor tries,
 When Storms invade, or raging Billows rise.
 But We, a restless Race! are still employ'd
 In various Toils, nor e'er with Action cloy'd:
 Part, by choice Artists and Experience taught,
 Make boxen Cups, with rude Devices wrought;
 Part wish a safe Return, and Winds implore
 To waft the Vessel, and her Gods ashore;
 Part, with a Staff, the starry Regions try,
 And how Ætherial Domes, expanded, lie,
 The Labours of the *Tyrian* Sage, renown'd,
 Who first the Motions of the Planets found,
 And how, in circling Orbs, they swiftly roul'd
^[around.]
 Then,

Then, with his Flocks, ARCTOPHILAX was known,
Late to the Seas his Course extending down :
And t'other Heavenly Guest — Who can he be,
Whom, near the *Belt*, with triple Fires, you see?

I'm left, alas! and on this Rock remain,
Expos'd to Winds, and Waves, and beating Rain;
And now declining PHOEBUS hastes to steep
His weary Wheels within the Western Deep.





ECLOGUE II.
LYCIDAS.

Written in Latin by JOHANNES
BAPTISTA AMALTHEUS.



THE rural Muse with LYCIDAS shall
 Whose Complaints dark Caves and *Sylvan* [mourn,
 Whom bubbling Rills, in Crystal [Scenes return;
 Steep Hills lament, and every barren Shore. [Tears, deplore,

And Thou, whose Realms their antient Freedom
 Whose Age, by Thee, becomes an Age of Gold, [hold,

On

COSMUS, attend ; some sprightly Strains infuse,
 Cherish my Toils, and raise a drooping Muse:
 On grassy Banks, where gentle *Arvus* glides,
 And with its Streams *Hetrurian* Fields divides,
 A stately Temple to thy Name shall rise,
 With Marble Tow'rs, to threat the distant Skies.
 There, in the destin'd Race, the Youths shall raise
 Contending Dust, amidst loud Shouts of Praise :
 There the glad Victor's Glories shall rebound,
 While gazing Crowds consenting *Pæans* sound,
 His Lawrel Wreath thro' *Tuscan* Cities bear ;
 Mean while, the rural Muse intreats your Care.

To *Sol's* bright Beams the paler Stars gave way,
 And usher'd in the sad, afflicting Day,
 When LYCIDAS to foreign Nations sail'd,
 And thus his Loves, in melting Lays, bewail'd.

Ye Realms, with Beauties stor'd ! ye rising Hills !
 Ye flow'ry Valleys ! ye refreshing Rills !
 Ye gloomy Caves ! and Greenwood Shades, adieu !
 How swift the dear transporting Minutes flew !
 What tender Loves were once indulg'd by you !
 Me, from your Arms, relentless Fates convey,
 To view the Monsters of the raging Sea,
 To grieve my luckless Planets, and to pour
 Fresh Floods of Tears on every desert Shore.

But if, beneath a lonely Covert lain,
 Young LYCIDAS once sung his rural Strain ;
 If, whilst his tender Flocks were wont to feed,
 Your Ears e'er list'ned to the tuneful Reed,
 His Verse, cut deep within the Bark, prolong,
 His Pipe aloft upon the Lawrel hung,
 Defend, ye Swains, from every vulgar Tongue :

That

That Pipe, the Glory of his Native Climes,
Shall vie with former, and with future Times.

Hence, am I call'd, to search for distant Skies,
Where fair *Pyrene's* tow'ring Summits rise.

Ah Wretch! Ah LYCIDAS! what Swain will say,
You could, unmov'd, from these blest Regions stray,
To dare the Dangers of the stormy Sea?

Unhappy LYCIDAS, unpitied, roves
To view strange Wastes, and unfrequented Groves.

I, other Flocks, in other Plains, must keep,
Distant from these, and sever'd by the Deep:
No more shall Streams with murmur'ing Sounds
Nor, on their mossy Banks, to Sleep invite: ^{[delight,}
No more shall Forests, and the shady Groves,
Bear in their Bark, engrav'd, our early Loves:

No more shall AMARYLLIS' Name resound,
Whom, in the Meads, a thousand Flocks surround;
Who, in the Fields, and twining Thickets laid,
Was wont to weave fresh Garlands for my Head,
To twist the *Lilly* with the blushing *Rose*,
And lull her weary Swain to soft Repose.

Ah me! no more shall these dear Groves be seen,
Which bud, and flourish with eternal Green.
Then, I alas! shall send my Moans in vain,
To the deaf Rocks, and unrelenting Main;
My native Country's Sweets, with Sorrow, leave,
And on the boundless Seas, unpitied, grieve;
Gay River-banks, with opening Flow'rs o'erspread,
No more shall yield their Swain a lonely Bed;
No gentle Gales, from spicy Groves, shall breathe,
Nor, for my Loss, a Recompence bequeath.

Once,

Once, when around the smiling *Zephyrs* play'd,
 And, with fresh Buds, the fruitful Fields array'd,
 I sung the Times, when Stars propitious shine
 To graft the Pear, and plant the tender Vine;
 When Seasons call'd the Fallow Lands to plow,
 And in Earth's Womb the shap'ning Seed to throw.
 Ye gentle Ushers of the gladfom Spring,
 The God's best Gifts, your balmy Sweets I sing,
 Ye pleasing Gales, that hence our Sighs convey,
 And waft our Vows beyond the Verge of Day;
 All hail! with Me, the loanly Desert sweep,
 And guide my Passage thro' the Briny Deep;
 These anxious Griefs and ardent Wishes bear,
 To reach my AMARYLLIS' list'ning Ear.
 Oh would my Fair our former Loves retain!
 Would she, with Pray'rs and streaming Tears, re-
 Her weary Lover from the raging Main!

gain }
 Some

Some happy Time might me at length restore,
Toss'd by the Seas, and tortur'd on the Shore;
Then, low, beneath a Rock, supinely laid,
When Stars arise, when PHOEBUS gilds the Glade,
My AMARYLLIS should my Lays adorn;
But I, alas! from these fair Fields am torn.
Farewel, ye rural Scenes! Again farewel!
Still may your *Hives* with Stores of Honey swell!
Still may your *Hinds* their plenteous *Harvests* share,
And reap their Fruits without the Tiller's Care!
Still may your Heifers crop the Grass by Day,
And Dews, by Night, fresh springing Shoots display!
Sooner shall Fruits the barren *Elms* adorn,
And blushing *Roses* court the prickly Thorn,
Than, with fresh Fires, or foreign Loves, possesst,
Fair AMARYLLIS shall forsake my Breast.

Yet,

Yet, from my Native Climes, I'm forc'd to fly,
 To search strange Shores, beneath a foreign Sky;
 Then shall those Flocks to fat'ning Fields repair,
 And feed, and flourish by another's Care.
 But Thee, unhappy *Ram*! what Mead will hold,
 The only Hope of my declining Fold?
 Who, in a Vale, the Violet-Wreath will chuse?
 Or twist the Lilly-Garland round thy Brows?
 Gently, on some green Bank, repose thy Head,
 Or lay thy Limbs upon a grassy Bed?

Ye Lawrel Groves, beneath whose sacred Shade,
 Unwonted Flames within my Bosom play'd,
 When Woods, and Wastes, the Mountains and the
 All loudly eccho'd forth *Menalian* Strains; [Plains,
 O! may you flourish in eternal Spring,
 Safe in your Heights may Birds for ever sing,

Still

Still may your Bark from baneful Frost be freed;
And everlasting Verdure crown your Head.
O! may your Floods their fruitful Banks o'erflow,
And vie with *Ganges*, or the mighty *Po*,
Whose ebbing Streams my falling Tears supply'd;
And where my Flames their glowing Fury try'd,
When AMARYLLIS call'd her lovely Boy
To tast true Bliss, and give a Loose to Joy.
But now, since Jove each ardent Wish denies;
And my dear *Country's* Pleasures shun my Eyes,
I'll stem the Seas with an advent'rous Prow,
And fix my Feet on fair PYRENE'S Brow.





ECLOGUE III.

A C O N.


 Ear me, some God, to the *Dictæan* Steep,
 Or where smooth Streams of *Eryman-*
 To gather Herbs, for healing Juices ^{[thus creep,}
 On rising Hills, or River-banks descry'd; ^{[try'd,}
 The wholesome *Dittany's* refreshing Bloom,
 The *Myrrh*, which glories in a rich Perfume;
 My fair *HYELLA's* fainting Soul to ease,
 Her Nerves to strengthen, and her Woes appease.

E

Hardly

Hardly her Heart within her Bosom heaves,
 Nor wonted Rest her weary Limbs relieves :
 And, Oh ! what Med'cines can afford Relief ?
 What Power of Herbs assuage her inward Grief ?
 Her bitter Moans, and melting Scenes of Woe,
 The conscious *Stars* and fair *Aurora* know ;
 And how against remorseless Fate she raves,
 PHOEBUS was Witness from his Western Waves.

O *Sire* ! O PHOEBUS ! whose eternal Ray
 Cheers all around, and gives the gladfom Day,
 Parent of Life, attend a Lover's Pray'r,
 And since this Earth is thy peculiar Care,
 Assist a Virgin lost in deep Despair :
 For thee shall ACON plant the Lawrel Grove,
 Where neighbouring Streams, in wild *Meanders*,
 And I, that nothing may their Growth defeat,
 Will save from Frost, and screen from scorching
 But,

But, if no more my fair HYELLA mourns
 Her meagre Looks, and Life afresh returns,
 She, too, shall plant, when vernal Buds appear,
 And when the Vines their purple Clusters bear,
 And Altars place, down in a loanly Glade,
 Where some thick Grove projects an awful Shade,
 Altars, with Flow'rs and grassy Wreaths array'd. }
 There rustick Nymphs shall grateful Off'rings
 And, in rude Strains, their great Deliv'rer sing, [bring,
 Who the fierce PYTHON, with his Darts, subdu'd,
 And deep in Gore his conqu'ring Launce em-
 To Thee, some Oak a thousand Shafts shall bear, [brew'd.
 The Bow, the Quiver, and the hunting Spear.

Where, O ye *Nymphs*, were you so long detain'd?
 What Grove, what Mead, your lovely Presence
 [gain'd?

Since oft my Fair around your Altars strows
 The hoary *Vervin*, and the early *Rose*,
 And *Myrtle Wreaths*, and *Ivy Crowns* bestows ;
 The choicest Wealth of *Eastern* Worlds, produce,
 The fragrant *Cinnamon*, and *Cassia's* Juice,
 Th' *Arabian* Harvest, and *Assyrian* Balm,
 To cheer my Love, and her fair Breast becalm,
 All pale and wan my fainting Charmer lies,
 And from her Cheeks the rosy Tincture flies.
 So, sweetly nourish'd by the teeming Earth,
 The purple *Hyacinth*, in Pride, breaks forth,
 Sprung from her Lap, fresh opening Leaves she
 While fann'd with Breezes, and refresh'd with ^{[shews,}
 But, if dull Fogs, or stormy Winds, arise, ^{[Dews;}
 Her Beauty fails, her Crimson Colour flies,
 Amongst the faded Heap her boasted Glory lies.

Now Hills, and Vales, a gloomy Prospect yield,
 And wither'd Grass o'erspreads each desart Field,
Thistles, in Groves, for Beds of *Violets*, dwell,
 And *Nettles* rise, where, late, the *Lillies* fell;
 The Stream, which, bubbling from the Cliffs, began
 Her lofty Course, and through the Valleys ran,
 Now, wholly lost, her antient Race refrains,
 And hides, in Earth's dark Caves, her Crystal
 Robb'd of my Fair, her silent Waters stand, [Veins;
 And scarce, with softest Sounds, salute the Sand.

Wretch! hide thy Head, and from thy rocky
 Steer back thy Race, and to thy Rise return; [Urn,
 The Nymph's dear Life no Force of Med'cine saves,
 Who lately sported in thy Silver Waves.
 Wretch! hide thy Head, and, in some Grot con-
 Far be thy Source from Realms of Light restrain'd. [tain'd,
 She's

She's fled, alas ! to whose enchanting Song
Thy Floods have lift'ned, as they roul'd along.
She's fled, alas ! who on thy Borders stray'd,
And to her Lips, thy liquid Streams convey'd.
Strange Maladies from your malignant Seed
These ruddy Lips, and rosy Cheeks o'erspread,
Darken her Eyes, her lovely Form invade,
And force my Fairest from the Sylvan Shade.

Ye Gods, alas ! your cruel Darts forbear ;
Her tender Limbs and her pale Visage spare ;
May she no more her fading Beauties mourn ;
Check her Disease, and let her Charms return.

And Thou, my Life ! my better Part ! refrain
Those moving Sighs, sad Symptoms of thy Pain !
PALES, for Thee, the *Piony* prepares,
And every *Nymph* her chearful Off'ring bears ;

The

The various Herbs, which Vales and Hills produce,
Th' *Illyrian Iris*, and the *Poppy Juice*,
Chac'd by whose Aid, the Racking Torment flies,
And softest Slumbers seal the languid Eyes.
Then shall my Fair her former Paths renew,
The shady Groves again intreat her View ;
Mov'd by her Charms, the Floods shall haste to
The Trees to blossom, and the Flow'rs to blow ;
The fruitful Fields thy joyful Face shall see,
And CERES' self commend her Sweets to Thee.



ECLOGUE



ECLOGUE IV.

THYRSIS.

Written in Latin, by DANIEL
HEINSIUS.



HE long-liv'd THYRSIS, lost in endless
 The Country's Darling, and the [Night,
 [Swains Delight,
 Two Youths, fond ÆGON and MNA-
 [SILUS, mourn'd,
 And Hills, and Dales, their piteous Plaints return'd.
 Adown their Cheeks the Tears profusely flow'd,
 Their heaving Hearts proclaim'd their Woes aloud,

The

The Flocks no Food, no Joy the Swains receiv'd,
 But far above the rest, young ÆGON griev'd.
 Oft was he wont, when Night his Goats restrain'd,
 And, far, the Sucklings from their Dams detain'd;
 Oft was he wont, in a lamenting Strain,
 To sing his Loves, and his fair Nymph's Disdain:
 Oft, as unmindful of advancing Years,
 Heedless of ardent Loves, and anxious Fears,
 While late the Shepherds charm'd the rural
 He'd lend his Ear, attentive to their Song. [Throng,
 But now the Swain his THYRSIS' Loss deplores,
 Along the Seas, along the neighb'ring Shores;
 Where antient *Rhine's* resounding Channel lies,
 He calls on Gods, and angry Destinies,
 And asks his THYRSIS of the partial Skies :
 But nor the Gods, nor angry Fates, restore
 His lifeless THYRSIS, from the *Stygian* Shore.

How oft would He, regardless of Repose,
 With woful Sighs, the weary Evening close?
 His Grievs to *Skies*, and conscious *Stars* betray, }
 Nor cease his Sorrows with approaching Day, }
 Whilst round the Fields, his Flocks unguarded }
 Thus with MNASILUS, on the Sea-weed lain, [stray?]
 He vents his Passion to the rueful Main.

Æ G O N.

From foreign Shores, each Ship directs her Prow,
 The Flocks by Night, and Heifers, homeward low;
 All but my THYRSIS to their Seats repair,
 Hence spring my Sorrows, and distracting Care.
 Sev'n Times has SOL withdrawn his gilded Beam,
 As oft the Plowman eas'd his lagging Team;
 The Flocks as oft dispers'd the Morning Dew,
 Yet THYRSIS sleeps, and yet my Grievs renew.

His

His Footsteps, still the sandy Shores retain,
 Those Steps I trace, yet ever trace in vain :
 Wand'ring along the Waste, each Night, I roam,
 Nor can the welcome Dawn invite me Home,
 Nor fleeting Hours revoke a dreadful Doom.

Mean while, my Sheep around the Pastures
 And Herds, across the Plains, direct their Way ;
 The Evening Shade my wandring Heifers view,
 And to their Folds some other Flocks pursue.
 And though the Fields exert the springing Grass,
 Yet still their Dugs deny the milky Mass ;
 Nor do my Pails their wonted Streams afford,
 Due to the Shrine of our departed Lord ;
 Those late more bounteous Vessels, which return'd
 Vast Tides, when THESTYLIS so justly mourn'd
 His AMARYLLIS' Fate, in melting Verse,
 And, bath'd in briny Floods, bedew'd her Hearse.

Now flags my Muse : Whose Praises shall I write?
 When hence my THYRSIS took his hasty Flight,
 His latest Breath bequeath'd those Herds to me,
 And said, My Heir shall beauteous ÆGON be :
 He, with these Reeds, Cœlestial Strains shall play,
 And charm the Groves with his enchanting Lay,]
 Tho' TIT'RUS oft has watch'd my fleecy Fold,
 And oft MNASILUS his soft Passions told,
 For as my Goats his tender Lambs transcend,
 So far the Shepherds to fair ÆGON bend.

Nor this my Pipe, thrice happy Swain ! refuse,
 Nor rest, regardless of a rural Muse ;
 Thou, at my Tomb, the solemn Rites shalt pay, }
 From flow'ry Lawns the Lilly-wreath convey, }
 The Parsley Garland, and the blooming Bay ; }

Sing

Sing my last Dirge, amidst a loanly Glade,
A friendly Office to my fleeting Shade.

Some Soul perhaps, just soaring on the Wing,
Thy melting Lines to *Lethe's* Banks may bring,
And when the Name of THYRSIS loud shall sound,
When Rocks, and Seas, with THYRSIS shall re-
[bound,
THYRSIS shall hear his Praise, survive his Fall,
And to his Mind his ancient Loves recall;
He, He shall hear, and own the tuneful Reed,
And round *Elysian* Plains, the sprightly Dances
[lead.

No base Reproach shall ever work thee Wrong,
Nor dread Detraction from an envious Tongue,
Though by the Rage of an envenom'd Gall,
Both high and low, without Distinction, fall:
O lovely Youth! there, in that grassy Mead,
Thou, with thy own, my former Flocks shalt feed.

We,

We, far remov'd (for all to Fate must bend)
On the gay Folds of PROSERPINE attend,
Where purer Air through every Region flies,
And clearer Floods from fairer Fountains rise ;
Where, without Planting, sprouts the verdant *Ten*,
Where *Myrtles* rise, and *Cypress* courts the View.
Nor do these Seas against their Shores engage,
Nor Rivers with their Banks fierce Battles wage ;
No Deluge wrecks the guilty World below,
Within their Shores, our Streams serenely flow ;
Gently, the Main o'er Beds of Sea-weed glides,
Nor drowns the Lands with his destructive Tides.

Thus ÆGON sung, and thus MNASILUS chose
His anxious Cares, with *Syrens* Strains, to close.

MNASILUS.

MNASILUS.

Ye starry Orbs, which Shepherds Loves descry,
Once ye were Swains, though now ye grace the
Sacred to Jove, whom Mortals here behold ^{[Sky,}
To shine, and glitter in eternal Gold :

THYRSIS, when, once, a Swain, your Praises sung;
Once, with his Lays, the list'ning Valleys rung;
Now, in your Spheres, to fervent Pray'rs he bends,
And, in his Heights, his former Flocks defends.
The Swains, as heretofore, his Fancy please,
Tho' crown'd with Joys, and everlasting Ease;
He sends no Storms to vex the World below;
At his Command, the sporting *Zephyrs* blow;
The rugged *North* and *East-winds* he restrains,
And quells the Fury of impending Rains.

Now,

Now, in his Heav'ns, some fairer Flocks he feeds,
Pleas'd with our Loves, as once in earthly Meads,
Nor can the great *Arcadian* Godhead shine,
With Rays more friendly, from his Heights divine,
Send surer Aid, our Wishes to supply,
Nor, in his Gifts, with bounteous THYRSIS vie.
THYRSIS, from noxious Weeds our Herbage frees,
Preserves our early Fruits, and tender Trees,
Destroys, and deadens, by his dread Command,
The baneful Darnel, and the burning Sand.

The Earth's aghast, *Parnassus*' Rocks look bare,
At THYRSIS' Loss, and PHOEBUS seems severe:
THYRSIS would sing, how various Seasons chang'd,
Our erring Months, in proper Limits, rang'd ;
Shew'd how their Sweets diviner Seasons shower'd,
And solemn Days, and antient Rites restor'd ;

That

That Hinds to CERES cheerful Dues should pay,
 When first their yellow Harvests they survey ;
 That Flames of *Sulphur* from her Courts should
 And the glad Shepherd share the woolly Prize ;
 When his gay Folds the verdant Lawrels shade,
 And Fields look white, with num'rous Flocks ar-
 [rise,
 [ray'd.

Now, plant fresh Lawrels round his sacred Urn,
 And let each Swain his absent THYRSIS mourn ;
 Some, for the Shrine, the living Streams prepare,
 But ÆGON shall the milky Offering bear.

ÆGON shall bear the Milk, MNASILUS draw
 The fairest Floods which down their Channels
 And friendly Breezes round the Meads below. }
 [flow,

Nor has he left us helpless, and forlorn,
 But when, by Fates, from these Embraces torn,

This Pledge, said he, thrice happy Swain ! receive ;
 The last Reward thy THYRSIS' Hand can give,
 These Gifts shall THYRSIS from his Urn retrieve. }

Slight not the Presents by MENALCAS made,
 Far from *Riphæa's* Icy Seas convey'd ;
 Nor shun MENALCAS' self, tho' late come forth
 From the bleak Mountains of the barren North :
 Nor Thou, O Youth, our Poverty disdain,
 Nor scorn our Wealthy Sires for such a Strain,
 A Thousand Flocks of theirs securely fed
 Where smooth BENACUS shews his sedgey Head ;
 A hundred Bulls thro' the low Valleys stray'd,
 And o'er the Hills Three thousand Lambkins
 Never was Milk to Lambs or Goats deny'd, ^{[play'd,}
 And what remain'd, the flowing Prefs supply'd.

Oft would old CORYDON these Stories tell,
 My hoary Sire, who knew the Plains so well,

Whom,

Whom, far from hence, a foreign Realm detains,
Where fair *Garumna*'s Streams enrich the Plains,
For all must bow to Fate's impartial Chains.

So sung the Swains, 'till *Sol*'s declining Ray
Check'd their soft Notes, and clos'd the Scene of
[Day.





ECLOGUE V.

A G R I U S.

Written in Latin, by GEORGE
BUCHANAN.



Till do *Garumna's* Shores offend thine
 Still must thy native Climes neglected
 Still do *Pictonian* Prospects please thy
 Her rocky Mountains, and her barren Waste?
 Nor can the Fields, nor can thy downy Rest,
 Nor Flocks, nor Folds, nor Swains, engage thy
 Nor

Nor

Nor ev'n the Nymph, whose Charms, alone, con-
The Flocks, the Shepherds, and the fleecy Fold ;
To grace whose beauteous Bosom, you have chose
The snowy Privet, and the purple Rose ?

Her Eyes, in Raptures, you would oft compare
To Sol's bright Rays, or to the Morning Star,
Whose radiant Beams, with generous Love inspir'd,
Struck thro' the Soul, and all the Senses fir'd.

But now, alas ! (for so the Fates ordain,
Left long the Pleasures of our Loves should reign)
You, far from hence, thro' sandy Desarts stray,
Where rugged Rocks their hoary Heads display,
Heedless of Flocks, on fair *Vasconia's* Plain,
Leave the sad *Nymph*, and the lamenting *Swain* ;
And now your sweetest Notes, perhaps, are lost
In empty Air, on some forsaken Coast.

Mean

Mean while, our Woods no rural Strains salute,
The Flocks, the Shepherds, and the Birds are mute:
The lagging *Zephyrs* scarcely seem to breathe,
Nor, to these Shores, their spicy Gales bequeath;
The frightful *Bird of Night* alarms the Throng,
Where *Philomæla* tun'd her midnight Song;
The *Bittern* mourns in every marshy Pool,
In Woods the *Raven*, and the screaming *Owl*;
From muddy Lakes the *Frogs* extend their Throats,
Deaf'ning the Shepherds with their hoarser Notes.
If, in the Groves, some tuneful Bird remain,
No more he warbles forth his wonted Strain;
No more the Race, which in the Woods reside,
The liquid Air with wanton Wings divide;
But each, in loud Complaints and bitter Moans,
Thro' solitary Scenes, relentless, groans;
Or, screen'd from Sight, where gloomy Thickets
From Bough to Bough, with lazy Pinions, ^{[rise,} flies.

Even

Even I, my self, when first I strove to play,
And touch'd the Reed to chase dull Cares away,
When, with my Strains, I sought to ease my Grief,
The only Hope I had of sure Relief,
Scarcely the Sound could reach my list'ning Ear,
But, or Mischance, or, what I rather fear,
Some dreadful Omen, was by Fates design'd,
And dire Events foreboding Omens find.
For in like Sounds the *Grashoppers* complain'd,
And their hoarse Throats to mournful Accents
The Sister *Nereids* in the swelling Waves, [strain'd;
And the fair *Dryads* in *Dodona's* Caves,
The very *Mountains*, and the *Valleys* groan'd,
And oft, by Night, my bitter Fates bemoan'd:
But though the *Rivers*, and the *Groves* lament,
Tho' *Nymphs*, and *Birds*, and *Flocks* their Passions
[vent,

Not

Not all their Tears such melting Anguish show,
As weeping AGRIUS in his Grott below.

Him, from the Towns and buisfy Crowds with-
And to the silent Woods retir'd alone, [drawn,

Whilst I, with Sighs and inward Sorrows, view'd,
Caught at his Words, and his swift Steps pursu'd,
Those deep Reflections, I remember well,
From his pale Lips, in broken Accents, fell.

O Rocks! O Cliffs! O dire *Piætonian* Rills!
Ye hoary Valleys! Ye exalted Hills!
Ye barren Fields, around *Crotella's* Walls!
Ye blasted Woods! —To you a Shepherd calls!
Alas! what Magick Herbs your Meads produce!
What secret Poysons! what infernal Juice!
What Force, what Art, what everlasting Chain,
In these dire Coasts my *PTOLOMY* detain?

There,

There, with its purple Fruit, no *Lotos* grows,
Which lull'd ULYSSES' Mates to long Repose ;
No Fields rejoice with Loads of waving Corn,
No Flocks, like ours, these barren Plains adorn ;
Nor are thy Mates, nor is thy Parent there,
Who fed and nurs'd thee with a tender Care ;
Thy blooming Years more wholesome Breezes drew,
A richer Soil thy native Country knew ;
Still, in a verdant Grove, the Verses stand,
Grav'd in the Bark by thy auspicious Hand,
Lines, which their Author's early Worth explain,
Yet promise an Eternity in vain.

But what avail thy fair *Garamna's* Shores,
Her greenwood Shades, and her delicious Bowers,
If Thee, *Pictonia's* rugged Wilds command
To live a Stranger, in a foreign Land ?

50 E C L O G U E V.

But if those Hills, with blasted Oaks, invite,
 If yet bleak Heaths, and barren Sands delight,
 If still the slender Vintage suits thy Eyes,
 Where craggy Cliffs, and rocky Prospects rise,
 No more will AGRIUS then, his Vines admire,
 But from *Garumna's* fruitful Fields retire,
 Tear the fresh Garland from his youthful Brows,
 Nor scorching Sands, nor swelling Seas refuse.

But why should I of *Sylvan* Shades complain,
 Of Rocks of Mountains, or the raging Main?
 Why Flocks, or Fields, or rural Scenes implore
 Again my roving Shepherd to restore?
 Which he prefers, in wandring Wishes lost,
 To Me, his PHYLLIS, and his native Coast.

Let Oaks their Fruits, and Hills their Wines
 Drougts parch the Fields, and Murraings seize the
 [with-hold,
 [Fold,
 Each

Each trembling Swain a dire Infection dread,
 And sweeping Plagues around their Poysons spread,
 If my TASTÆUS, from the Dangers free,
 Tho' heedless of his Country, or of Me,
 Again to these inviting Realms return,
 Which grieve his Loss, and his long Absence
 [mourn.

Why should my Rage to Fields and Woods
 How could the Shepherds, and their Flocks offend? [extend?
 Why should I choose to curse the Climes unknown,
 Which, heedless, he prefers before his own?
 Ev'n now I'm sorry, and retract my Vows,
 And curb the Railings of a headstrong Muse:
 May Woods their Fruits, the Vines their Grapes
 And limpid Streams from Crystal Fountains flow, [bestow,
 Fields lend their Grass, the Groves their wonted
 And rural Strains resound from every Glade. [Shade,

Where-e'er Thou art, or shalt for ever stray,
If, as a Swain, thy wandring Steps survey
The burning Sands of *Lybia's* thirsty Plain,
Or Icy Realms beneath the rigid Wain ;
Thro' *Lybian* Climes may Northern Showers be
And Icy Realms by Southern Gales relent ;^{[sent,}
What Paths soe'er thy weary Feet shall fill,
From their rough Oaks may sov'reign Balm distil,
From humble Shrubs the choicest Honey flow,
And barren Heath's the Myrtle Wreath bestow ;
Since Realms devoid of Honey, Balm, or Oyl,
Seem still more pleasing than thy Native Soil.

Wretch that I am ! why should I still renew,
My moving Moans, and still my Swain pursue ?
He, far from hence, perhaps, in foreign Groves,
Breathes forth in Sorrows his successless Loves.

But,

But, O ye Winds! ye *Zephyrs*! send Relief,
 Mov'd by my Sighs, and conscious of my Grief,
 Some Part, at least, of these Petitions bear
 To my TASTÆUS' unattending Ear.

He, tho' forgetful of his rural Swain,
 Tho' deaf as Rocks, remorseless as the Main,
 Yet, when my Moans his rugged Heights ascend,
 My piteous Moans, which Rocks themselves
 He, at the melting Sound, will sigh and say, ^{[might rend,}
 This was a Lover of my mournful Lay.

More he'd have sung, but *Phæbus* seem'd to
 His setting Beams behind a Western Cloud. ^{[shroud}





ECLOGUE VI.
AMARYLLIS;
 INTITLED,
DESIDERIUM LUTETIÆ,



Even Summers Heats, and Winters
 [angry Skies,
 Have long detain'd me from my Fair-
 [One's Eyes ;
 But, nor Sev'n Winters, when the
 [Forests bow
 With rattling Storms, and Hills are cloath'd in
 [Snow,
 Nor Sev'n long Summers scorching Heats can wrest
 My AMARYLLIS from this anxious Breast.
 In flow'ry Fields amidst the fleecy Throng,
 You tun'd my Morning and my Mid-day Song,
 And,

And, when declining *Phæbus* screen'd the Glade, }
And veil'd each Forest with a dusky Shade, }
Your Eyes, alone, their beamy Light display'd : }
In Dead of Night, your Steps I seem to trace,
To seize your Form and force a fond Embrace.

When softest Slumbers close my weary Eyes,
Delusive Joys my fluttering Soul surprize :
But when awake, when Light renews my Care,
A wandring Shepherd, lost in deep Despair,
From Folds I fly ; nor Folds afford Relief,
But add fresh Fuel to my wasting Grief ;
Thro' Woods and Wilds, a hapless Wretch, I roam,
Far from my Flocks, my Fields, and native Home,
Tire the rough Rocks with my repeated Moans,
And fill the Valleys with afflicting Groans ;
Her Ear, alone, relenting *Eccho* lends,
Mourns when I mourn, and her shrill Voice extends ;

And

And when deep Sighs my inward Sorrows tell,
She sighs as often from her loanly Cell.

Oft from the craggy Cliffs I cast an Eye,
And desert Shores, and raging Seas descry,
Breathe forth my Wishes to the stormy Main,
And to deaf Winds my ardent Vows explain.
Ye *Nymphs* and *Nereids*, who the Waves divide,
And calmly sport beneath the rolling Tide,
O may I safe to her fair Realms retire !
But if some further Toils you still require,
Ev'n in the Toils of Shipwreck would I boast,
To reach, by Shipwreck, her delightful Coast.

Oft to the sporting *Zephyrs* have I said,
When tow'rd my Love with wanton Wings con-
Hail, happy Winds, my AMARYLLIS see !^{[vey'd ;}
And her pale DAPHNIS from Distractions free :

So,

So, nor *Pyrene's* Caves shall e'er detain,
 Nor lagging Clouds, your airy Race restrain ;
 But to my Fair the fatal Story tell,
 And the soft Passions of her Swain reveal.
 How oft, alas ! when some kind *Eastern* Breeze
 Rush'd thro' the Groves, and swept the curling Seas,
 Ye happy Winds, said I, who've seen my Love,
 Tell her glad Swain, if she his Flames approve ;
 If mutual Wounds her roving Fancy stay,
 Or if like Fires within her Bosom play.
 Rough *Eurus* hence, with hollow Murmurs borne,
 Flies thro' the Woods, and sweeps the Seas in Scorn,
 With Icy Horror fills my fainting Breast,
 And leaves my Limbs with racking Pains possess'd,

Now Shepherds Festivals, no Mirth bestow,
 Harsh are their Sounds, and all their Strains are
 [low,

Ev'n all the Choirs around the Meads displease,
Nor *Pan*'s rough Deities my Grievs appease ;
Fix'd in this Heart, the deep Disorder lies,
And owns no *Phyltre*, but my Fair one's Eyes.

Me, with her Lays, *LYCISCA* fought to move,
And tun'd her *Cymbal* to engage my Love ;
Oft on my Eyes the fair *MELÆNIS* hung,
Both from *Iberia*'s happy Regions sprung,
Both stor'd with Wealth, both beautiful and young :
A hundred *Eves* each *Sire* propos'd to give,
Would I his *Daughter* to my Arms receive ;
Each Mother, too, her secret Promise made :
But neither Gifts, nor Flocks, my Fancy sway'd,
Nor the soft Speeches of the Fair inspir'd,
Nor their bright Eyes my tender Bosom fir'd.

Far,

Far, as kind *Spring* cold *Winter Storms* outvies,
 And *Youth's* gay Bloom, stiff *Joynts* and hollow *Eyes* ;
 Far, as a *Maid*, in all her early *Pride*,
 Excels her *Mother*, thrice in *Marriage* ty'd ;
 As far as *Rhodanus* outstrips the *Dure*,
 Or Silver *Sequana* surmounts the *Sure* ;
 Far, as the beauteous *Liger* boasts her *Fame*,
 Beyond each *Gallick* or *Iberian* Name ;
 So far, my Fair outshines the *Virgin Train*,
 * On *Gallia's* Hills, or round *Iberia's* Plain.

Where some smooth Stream its glassy Surface
 Oft would MELÆNIS her soft Looks compose, ^{[shows,}
 And paint her Cheeks, and crisp her golden Hair,
 And wish'd, and fought, to be accounted Fair ;
 Oft has she said, Ill-judging *Daphnis*, tell,
 What distant Nymph deserves thy Heart so well ?

Gather Love's beauteous Blossoms while you may,
Choose her soft Treasures, nor admit Delay,

Oft her high Festivals LYCISCA sung,
Dissembling Scorn, as, late, she mov'd along ;
Led up the Dance, oft cast a wistful Eye,
While her fair Hands the tuneful *Cymbal* try ;
Fierce NEMESIS, says she, with dire Disdain
Requites each heedless, unattending Swain ;
Fierce NEMESIS our spotless Flames approves,
And soon will punish those neglected Loves.
So, oft a Hunter, eager for the Prize,
In Search of *Hares*, shall meaner Game despise,
Yet, when the Close of Light his Limbs relieves,
He nor a *Squirrel*, nor a *Hare* receives.

So,

So, have I seen a Fisherman convey
His Nets ashore, in quest of nobler Prey,
And cast a little *Tench*, with Scorn, away;
Who, home at last return'd, by Fortune crost,
And nor a *Mullet*, nor a *Tench* could boast.

So, have I seen a Swain, in yonder Mead,
Despise each artless, and unpolish'd Reed,
The boxen *Flute*, alone, his Praise attain'd,
Mean while the *Flute* another Shepherd gain'd;
And when his Rival held the darling Store,
He fought the very Reeds he scorn'd before:
The Goddess, thus, for ever will restrain
Unbounded Wishes, and unjust Disdain.

These Lines, and more, the fair MELÆNIS sung,
With Lays like these, LYCISCA'S Cymbal rung,

But

But still their Songs, and Sighs, and streaming
Were sent to Winds, and unattentive Ears ;

For *Hounds* with *Wolves* shall in a League combine,

And tim'rous *Hares* with savage *Tygers* join ;

On the grim *Lyonesse* the *Lamb* shall wait,

The *Turtle* cease to mourn her absent Mate ;

E'er fair LYCISCA once engage my Love,

Or fond MEIÆNIS my Affections move.

The trembling *Fish* shall leave the briny Lake,

And fleeting Shades the rising *Hills* forsake ;

'The feather'd *Race* their *Groves* and *Fields* forego,

Winds cease to murmur, and the *Floods* to flow ;

E'er AMARYLLIS fail my Heart to warm,

Her Looks to cherish, or her Face to charm ;

She fill'd my Breast, at first, with warm Desire,

Her Fate shall finish my declining Fire.

F I N I S.



